

The first part of the contention of the two famous

But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to Cade againe

Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good, whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honor you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company
Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

Buck. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand crownes for his labor.
Come march way.

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.

King. Lord Somerset, what news heare you of the rebel Cade?

Som. This my gracious lord, that the Lord Say is don to deth,
And the cittie is almost sackt.

King. Gods wil be done, for as he hath decreed, so it must be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious me.

Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bin aliue,
The rebell Cade had bin supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Clifford, with the
rebells, with haliers about their neckes.*

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these rebells are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is their captaine here?

Cliff. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamati-

ons

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

ons are sent forth, that he that cā but bring his head, shall haue
thousand crownes. But may it please your maiesty, to pardon
these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled

King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henrie liues, and weares the English crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

King. Come let vs haste to London now with speed,
That solemne processions may be sung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victory.

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, master Alexander
Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies downe picking of heares
and eating them.*

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life!
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented mind, serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soile, stand villain, thou
wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand crowns for my
head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eat yron like an estringe
and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Is not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entred into the ground without the leaue of me the owner?
But thou wilt braue me too? (ne)

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best bloud of the
realme, look on me well, I haue eate no meat this fivie daies, yet
and I do not leaue thee and thy fivie men as dead as a door nail.
I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay it neuer shall be said whilst the world doth stand
that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, took odds to combat
with a famisht man, look on me, my lims are equall vnto thine
and euery way as big, then hand to hand ile combat thee. Sir
feto